EUROPE

WEBKEND

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France's leading impersonator Yves Lecoq is king of his castles

Introducing our new wine column: Mosel under threat

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WEEKEND JOURNAL. EUROPE

Barbara Tina Fuhr EDITOR Elisabeth Limber ART DIRECTOR Brian M. Carney TASTE PAGE EDITOR

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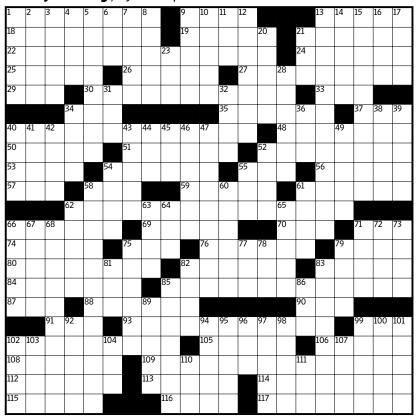
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* Fashion

O Christmas Me! The allure of holiday clothes

The HOLIDAYS ARE nearly here, and I am pondering what I'll wear to chop down my Christmas tree this year. I wish to look like the family on the Lands' End catalog that arrived last week: Three smiling generations, each in a cozy sweater and fluffy down jacket in red or white. The tot's plaid wool shirt anchors the bucolic picture.

On Style CHRISTINA BINKLEY

I also have an upcoming holiday dance, a festive block party, and, of course, Christmas Eve and Christmas morning, each with their own celebratory-apparel demands.

Of course, I can easily obtain an entire holiday wardrobe. Stores are already full of velvet dresses, crimson cardigans and all manner of sequined and metallic dresses for the holidays. The only problem is that this apparel has a shelf life of about three weeks.

Our culture is replete with images of people dressed up for the holidays—for better or for worse from the red, fur-trimmed dresses in "White Christmas" to the reindeer sweater Colin Firth wears in "Bridget Jones's Diary." For many of us, it can be hard to let the holiday season pass without at least one foray in an outfit that will look outlandish by January 2nd.

To some extent, we're responding to social pressures, as holidaythemed festivities get under way. In two weeks, I must attend a party that requires "festive holiday dancing dress." This seems to require something I don't own and won't wear twice.

Why do so many of us find ourselves tempted by December-holiday clothes—especially when they often involve vivid vests or flammable dresses? Are we chasing fantasies—dreams of someone else's good life?

Perhaps it's because the events are so out of sync with our workaday lives that we feel compelled to alter our wardrobes. Holiday is its own fashion. "Men wear red once a year," says Christos Garkinos, coowner of the luxury Los Angeles resale boutique Decadestwo.

Mr. Garkinos says the holidays entice people to buy things that



don't match the lives they actually lead. Even if you are planning to spend New Year's in St. Barts, there is no valid reason for splurging on a gold Versace cat suit if you won't wear it at home. "Shop your closet for the holidays," Mr. Garkinos advises.

Still, he plans to display a slinky, backless, green-sequined Pucci dress in his store window for the holidays. Some one will want it, he says confidently.

Indeed, retailers are anticipating a reasonably good shopping season (NPD Group reports that 70% of shoppers expect to spend as much or more on apparel during the holidays as last year), and stores are already stocked with holiday bait, much of it involving red cable knit or sequins.

Holiday clothes may be popular for nostalgic reasons. "Maybe people are looking for times in their past when things were easier," proposes Karen Daskas, who owns a boutique called Tender in Birmingham, Mich., a wealthy Detroit suburb.

And what about those red-andwhite-striped Hanna Andersson long johns for Christmas morning, available in sizes to fit the whole family? "Maybe it's a thing to keep the family together," she suggests. The pressures of the holidays exacerbate such longings. "I feel like I stuck my head in an electric plug most days," Ms. Daskas says. "And my customers are worse. There's no relax time."

"You know that Vermont Country Store catalog?" Ms. Daskas asks, sounding wistful. Yes. It's on my kitchen counter, an iconic source for homey Christmas stocking stuffers, taunting me with visions of oldtime bath salts and the leisure to enjoy them.

But should we give in to our desire to decorate ourselves for the holidays? My friend Laura Walker, an attorney with the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington, D.C., has a couple of green velvet dresses "that were only appropriate for the holidays" hanging in the back of her closet. Twice burned, thrice shy. "I haven't fallen prey to these urges in recent years," she says.

Ms. Daskas says she is firm with customers who are looking for holiday clothes, recommending jewel tones and black over Christmas themes. "Tender would never put a client in a red velvet dress," she says.

She recently sold a colorful Peter Sorenon dress, accompanied by a fur wrap and Lanvin pumps for a holiday party and a black cashmere cardigan and boots for a less-formal occasion. One dress, several outfits.

Still, tradition lives on. Like many stores, TJ Maxx and Marshalls are chock full of "occasion dresses the sequins, the sparkles," says Laura McDowell, the retail chains' spokeswoman. She says that because sequins and metallic fabrics are trendy, the clothes can be worn all year round.

In December, the holiday spirit is hard to escape. "It's like a fruitcake to wear," says David Wolfe, creative director of the Doneger Group fashion consulting firm in New York. "Everybody says they think it's awful, but they still seem to either buy and wear it themselves or they know somebody they want to give it to as a gift." What to Wear to That Holiday Party

Surely, you want to get in the

spirit of the holidays. But you are not obligated to hang ornaments from your ears or don a menorah tie. In fact, when planning what to wear to holiday events, a good way to get started is to ask yourself, "Will I cringe when I see the photos?" Here are some tips on dressing

for the holidays. Men:

Nordic-pattern sweaters are festive without blinding partygoers with the color of Rudolph's nose. If you yearn to wear a holiday-pattern tie, chose subtle tiny patterns and don't lower your standards for quality. Christmas is no excuse for polyester.

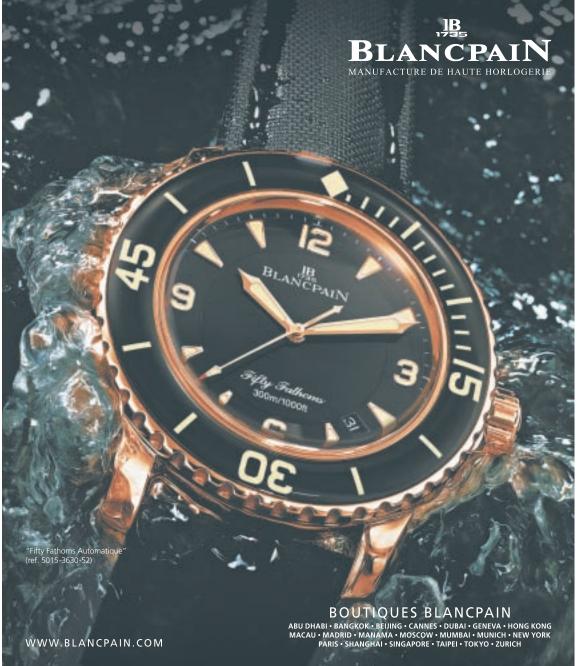
Women:

Sequins and metallic fabrics are trendy right now, but they are easy to over-do. When in doubt, back off. Choose apparel and accessories

that will be wearable after Jan. 2. Shop in your closet, even for New Year's Eve. That dress you wore to a wedding last March may be perfect for a holiday party when paired with dressy jewelry and shoes. Better to recycle than to spend hard-earned cash on a new dress you'll never don again.

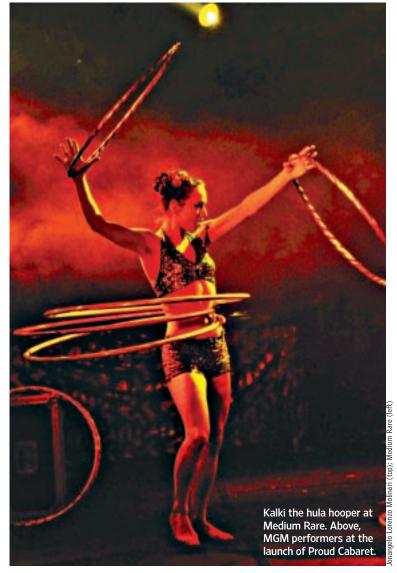
Holiday attire in movies like 'White Christmas' (right) and in catalogs like Hanna Andersson's (below)







Some sword swallowers with your sushi?



European 'performance dining' mixes gourmet cuisine with unusual acts

By Jemima Sissons

T IS 11 P.M. on a Saturday night in London, and an athletic woman with a shaved head, bright red lipstick and a black pillbox hat is on stage, stark raving naked, except for some strategically placed gold stars. As the lights dim, she pulls a blue balloon from what seems to be her bottom, and starts to blow it up. Then, with a loud bang it bursts, leaving a shower of multicolored glitter falling onto the faces of the bemused people in suits sitting below the stage, tucking into their braised pork belly.

This is not a scene from a Baz Luhrmann film or some dodgy fetish club. It is in fact the new face of dining. The most entertaining thing about going out to dinner used to be some napkin origami from the Italian chef, or an over-enthusiastic rendering of peach flambé for dessert. Now you can find yourself picking over sushi next to sword swallowers, sampling chicken Kiev as a trapeze artist whizzes over you, or enjoying Dover sole as a German burlesque troupe works the room. Welcome to the weird and wonderful world of "performance dining."

While you have been able to get a bad hamburger in an underground jazz club, or sneak your way into small cultish places in hard-to-find locations for quite some time, performance dining, as it is being billed, has grown up. It has become far tastier and is now accessible to all. Furthermore, with prices ranging from around £30 to £60 (mostly with four or more courses) for a whole evening of great food and entertainment—it is also a good credit crunch choice.

Performance dining, in its essence, is the idea of mixing delicious food with unusual acts—this can be anything from vaudeville, to magic, cabaret to burlesque, or even just great music. While food often used to be a post-script to the acts (such as in the tradition of "dinner theater" in the U.S.), now the quality of the cuisine has become just as important as the show.

One of the leaders of the pack is Amsterdam's Supperclub-famed for its outrageous acts and "anything goes" attitude. Started 17 years ago, and with clubs in four cities now, it will open its latest venue in London's Notting Hill next month. Cleo Vehmever, the director of Supperclub's holding company IQ Creative, says that it is all about letting oneself go: "It is about freedom, it doesn't matter if you are young or old, gay or straight. There are no windows in the club so you cannot see the outside world, here you can forget about your daily sorrows."

As you would imagine from a company started out of the best traditions of Dutch liberalism, expect to be shocked (or, indeed, blindfolded during dinner—they are very into "playing with the senses.") Their opening act is an Amy Winehouse look- and sound-alike, "with a twist." One of their most successful acts—a man who holds his breath in a giant balloon for over eight minutes—is also going to make an appearance.

They have recently opened in Singapore and Istanbul and expect to open in Los Angeles next year. Expect the wacky and whimsical such as a woman lying on a bed of oysters, which is then served to diners. Emphasis will be on first-class cuisine. As Ms. Vehmeyer says, "people are so spoiled for choice in London, we have to pay extra attention to our food here."

One of the first ever to bring the idea of performance dining to London was Mat Whitley with his Medium Rare nights. Started eight years ago, he hosts monthly dinner parties which he bills as "variety shows"—and scours the world looking for new boundary-pushing acts. He started out of frustration for the ater-going in the city. "There was nowhere you could go and see live performance and have supper," he says. "When are you supposed to eat if you go to the theater? At 6 p.m. or 10 p.m.—both really annoying times."

Mr. Whitley is also at the forefront of London's newfound thirst for burlesque, and says that his "bread and butter" is hiring out his variety acts and burlesque dancers for corporate events—which makes a change from the all-you-can-eat buffets and terrible karaoke of Christmas parties past.

One theory behind the resurgence of the entertainment-dining experience is that none of us is ready for our pipe and slippers quite vet. Steve Ball, who opened the Blues Kitchen in London's Camden last month-a moody bourbon bar reminiscent of a speakeasy playing live Blues every night-thinks it's a sign of the times. "There's been a demographic change in London social scene," he says. "When my father was on the wrong side of 30 he stopped going out. There's now this whole generation who is bored of going down the pub, and now you need to offer a bit more."

Yet they're not all aimed at a 30-plus crowd. Proud Cabaret, which opened this month in London's City financial district, is marketing itself as a venue for all. The brainchild of 40-year-old Alex Proud, who made his name selling rock-and-roll photography, the club has student nights on Mondays and Tuesdays, with low prices to match. But with its seductive purple velvet banquettes, pretty girls in flapper dresses and tempting grown-up nostalgic British dishes like prawn cocktail, Beef Wellington and sticky toffee pudding, Mr. Proud is also hoping to capture the imagination of the local corporate folk.

"The other night we had a City crowd eating dinner, then the artsy lot all dressed for the cabaret and they all loved each other," he says. "People in U.K. have the propensity to be safe. What we are doing here is quite dangerous, we are being bold, trying to shake things up a little." Which means acts such as mouthy drag queen Myra Dubois, and "twisted pop cabaret" act Frisky and Mannish, who give their own take on modern pop icons. Other London spots serving up eyebrowraising entertainment along with their food are Le Pigalle in Piccadilly and The Brickhouse in the East End (the scene of the outré balloon trick mentioned earlier.)

Performance dining has its roots in the cabaret clubs of Paris at the turn of the century, which were melting pots for the intelligentsia, and



also in the lavish Las Vegas style supperclubs that emerged in America following prohibition and the liberal Weimar-era Berlin of the 1930s, when the government put an end to censorship, and cabaret clubs cropped up across the city.

Harking back to this period is Harald Wohlfahrt's Palazzo, which bills itself as "gourmet theater." One of the original performance-dining experiences that combines outrageous acts with haute cuisine, it started in a spiegeltent in Freiburg's Colombi Park in 1998, and now runs from October to February, delivering sell-out performances in tents located in cities across Germany, Holland and Austria. Many of the chefs hold Michelin Stars.

Granted, it's not everyone's idea of fun. For some, their idea of hell is being trapped in a red velvet room with a stilt-walking transsexual burlesque queen, and possibly being asked to join in for dreaded audience participation. As Cleo Vehmeyer of Supperclub says, "this kind of evening is something you like or you don't like, never in-between." —Jemima Sissons is a writer

based in London.



The threat to the Mosel

IN THE GRAND valleys of the Mosel, the region's wine growers should be celebrating. A year of near perfect weather has produced grapes of stunning quality. The sunny but dry late summer has yielded a harvest rich in aromatic, healthy and fully ripe grapes. "This year will go down in history as a truly great vintage," says Norbert Weber, president of the German

William

WILLIAM LYONS

Winegrowers' Association in Bonn. Already, the German Wine Institute is making plans to showcase the 2009 vintage to the international press, hopeful that the price to quality ratio will attract a slew of new buyers.

But amid the steep slopes of Germany's oldest wine-growing region all is not well. Speak with any winemaker and talk is not of the quality of the 09s but of the construction of the B50, a four-lane road bridge and highway, that if completed as planned will threaten the vineyards of some of the world's greatest wine estates. Situated along the Mosel river between the German towns of Bernkastel-Kues and Traben-Trarbach the bridge project threatens the ecosystems of world renowned vineyard sites such as Zeltingen, Wehlen, Graach and Bernkastel. Winemakers believe the situation has reached a crisis point as politicians are determined to go ahead with the project.

"Work is still going ahead at several sites," says Sarah Washington in Ürzig, a local campaigner vehemently opposed to the construction of the bridge. "Shortly tree-cutting will begin, and there may well be some strong reaction here against that."

Ernst Loosen, owner of Dr. Loosen wine estate in Bernkastel, one of Germany's top wine estates, is more vocal.

"The project is a disaster," says Mr. Loosen. "The bridge will destroy the aesthetics of the cultural landscape of the Mosel. The vines will be detrimentally affected by shadow from the bridge, water distribution will be permanently altered in some of the best vineyards in Germany." Campaigners are asking people to voice their concerns by e-mailing the German Chancellor Angela Merkel directly.

What is at stake is German Riesling, a white wine whose quality is only surpassed by white Burgundy. Its appeal lies in a tension created by a nose that smells of delicate, floral fruit such as rose petals and peaches and a palate that is bone dry. It is the contrast between a perfumed nose and a mineral aftertaste, washed down with a pure, flickering acidity that gives Riesling from the Mosel special character.

With age, and many can cellar for 15 years or more, the wines turn a golden color and take on an oily, smoky character. They match perfectly with dishes such as roast partridge, venison, soft blue cheese and almost any fish.

The valleys along the Mosel, Saar and Ruwer rivers are ideal for the late ripening Riesling. The steep slate slopes overlooking the rivers absorb the sun's warmth during the day and release it at night. While the vines have to work hard, penetrating deep into the chalky, sandy, gravelly soils that contain quartzite and slate.

Those opposed to the threat of disruption to the delicate ecosytems surrounding these vineyards point to a history of wine production on these valleys that has continued for more than 2,000 years. Archaeologists have found press houses dating back to the Roman times which suggest the Romans introduced viticulture on a large scale while the monks and nuns of medieval monasteries furthered its development on steep hillsides.

As Hugh Johnson, author of "The World Atlas of Wine," who has lent his voice to the campaign to stop the bridge, says, "The whole world has nothing comparable to Mosel Riesling. You can imitate the wines of Bordeaux in the Napa Valley. But there is nothing that even starts to imitate Mosel Riesling. Do you really understand what a treasure of an inheritance this is?"

I visited the region in September and the producers that stood out were Leitz, Carl von Schubert, Dönnhoff, Egon Müller, Fritz Haag, Gunderloch, J J Prüm, Künstler, Thanisch, Reichsrat von Buhl and Max Ferd Richter. I suggest you try them before the completion of the B50.

DRINKING NOW

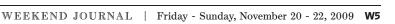
Château Cantemerle Haut-Médoc, Bordeaux

Vintage: 2000

Price: **about £35 (€39)**

Alcohol content: 13%

Cantemerle is a château that has consistently punched above its weight for a few years now. The 2000 vintage was a very good year in the Médoc and offers a ripe, succulent style. Just starting to drink now, this is cracking value for a lighter-bodied claret.



* Interview



Hollywood's favorite cowboy

Author Cormac McCarthy talks about religion, his son and the movie based on his novel 'The Road'

By John Jurgensen

San Antonio OVELIST CORMAC McCarthy shuns interviews, but he relishes conversation. Two weeks ago, the author sat down on the leafy patio of the Menger Hotel, built about 20 years after the siege of the Alamo, the remains of which are next door.

The afternoon conversation, which also included film director John Hillcoat of "The Road," went on 'til dark, then moved to a nearby restaurant for dinner. Dressed in crisp jeans and dimpled brown cowboy boots, Mr. Mc-Carthy began the meal with a Bombay Gibson, up.

The 76-year-old author first broke through with his 1985 novel "Blood Meridian," a tale of American mercenaries hunting Indians in the Mexican borderland. Commercial success came later with 1992's "All the Pretty Horses," a National Book Award winner and the first installment of a Border Trilogy. Critics delved into his detailed vision of the West, his painterly descriptions of violence and his muscular prose stripped of most punctuation.

The writer himself, however, has proved more elusive. He won't be found at book festivals, readings and other places novelists gather. Mr. McCarthy prefers hanging out with "smart people" outside his field, like professional poker players and the thinkers at the Santa Fe Institute, a theoretical-science foundation in New Mexico where the author is a longtime fellow.

In recent years, his circle has inched further into Hollywood. Many new readers discovered him as the source of the 2007 film "No Country for Old Men," a thriller that hinged on a briefcase full of drug money and a remorseless killer. Directed by Joel and Ethan Coen, it won four Academy Awards.

Now, set for release Nov. 25 in the U.S. and a few weeks later



across Europe is a screen adaptation of "The Road," a novel that marked another major stage of Mr. McCarthy's career. As intimate as it is grim, the book tells the story of a man's bond with his young son as the two struggle for survival years after a cataclysm has erased society. The novel won a Pulitzer Prize in 2007 and was promoted heavily by Oprah Winfrey as a surprising selection for her book club.

The movie, starring Viggo Mortensen as the father and Kodi Smit-McPhee (11 years old at the time of shooting) as his son, closely follows the book's bleak narrative, including encounters with cannibals. Mr. Hillcoat is an Australian who made the violent 2005 Western-style tale "The Proposition," set in the Outback. To replicate the blighted landscapes in "The Road," Mr. Hillcoat shot much of the movie in wintertime Pittsburgh, where remnants of the region's coal and steel history lent to the desolation.

The backstory of Mr. McCarthy's novel is deeply personal, springing from his relationship with his 11-year-old son, John, whom he had with his third wife, Jennifer. As death bears down in "The Road," the main character obsessively protects his son and prepares him to carry on alone: "He knew only that the child was his warrant. He said: If he is not the word of God God never spoke."

Messrs. McCarthy and Hillcoat showed easy affability in their friendship, despite what could have been a prickly collaboration.

Mr. Hillcoat told him, "You relieved a huge burden from my shoulders when you said, 'Look, a novel's a novel and a film's a film, and they're very different."

In a soft voice, chuckling frequently and gazing intently with gray-green eyes, Mr. McCarthy talked about books vs. films, the apocalypse, fathers and sons, past and future projects, how he writes and God.

Q: When you sell the rights to your books, do the contracts give you some oversight over the screenplay, or is it out of

your hands?

No, you sell it and you go home and go to bed. You don't embroil yourself in somebody else's project.

Q: When you first went to the film set, how did it compare with how you saw "The Road" in your head?

I guess my notion of what was going on in "The Road" did not include 60 to 80 people and a bunch of cameras. Dick Pearce and I made a film in North Carolina about 30 years ago and I thought, "This is just hell. Who would do this?" Instead, I get up and have a cup of coffee and wander around and read a little bit, sit down and type a few words and look out the window.

Q: But is there something compelling about the collaborative process compared to the solitary job of writing? Yes, it would compel you to

avoid it at all costs.

Q: When you discussed making "The Road" into a movie with John, did he press you on what had caused the disaster in the story?

A lot of people ask me. I don't have an opinion. At the Santa Fe Institute I'm with scientists of all disciplines, and some of them in geology said it looked like a meteor to them. But it could be anything-volcanic activity or it could be nuclear war. It is not really important. The whole thing now is, what do you do? The last time the caldera in Yellowstone blew, the entire North American continent was under about a foot of ash. People who've gone diving in Yellowstone Lake say that there is a bulge in the floor that is now about 100 feet high and the whole thing is just sort of pulsing. From different people you get different answers, but it could go in another three to four thousand years or it could go on Thursday. No one knows

Q: What kind of things make you worry?

If you think about some of the things that are being talked about by thoughtful, intelligent scientists, you realize that in 100 years the human race won't even be recognizable. We may indeed be part machine and we may have computers implanted. It's more than theoretically possible to implant a chip in the brain that would contain all the information in all the libraries in the world. As people who have talked about this say, it's just a matter of figuring out the wiring. Now there's a problem you can take to bed with you at night.

Q: "The Road" is this love story between father and son, but they never say, "I love you."

No. I didn't think that would add anything to the story at all. But a lot of the lines that are in there are verbatim conversations my son John and I had. I mean just that when I say that he's the co-author of the book. A lot of the things that the kid says are things that John said. John said, "Papa, what would you do if I died?" I said, "I'd want to die, too," and he said, "So you could be with me?" I said, "Yes, so I could be with you." Just a conversation that two guys would have.

Q: Why don't you sign copies of "The Road"

There are signed copies of the book, but they all belong to my son John, so when he turns 18 he can sell them and go to Las Vegas or whatever. No, those are the only signed copies of the book.

Q: How many did you have? 250. So occasionally I get letters from book dealers or whoever that say, "I have a signed copy of the 'The Road,'" and I say, "No. You don't."

Q: What was your relationship like with the Coen brothers on "No Country for Old Men"?

We met and chatted a few times. I enjoyed their company. They're smart and they're very talented. Like John, they didn't need any help from me to make a movie.

Q: "All the Pretty Horses" was also turned into a film [starring Matt Damon and Penelope Cruz]. Were you happy with the way it came out?

It could've been better. As it stands today it could be cut and made into a pretty good movie. The director had the notion that he could put the entire book up on the screen. Well, you can't do that. You have to pick out the story that you want to tell and put that on the screen. And so he made this four-hour film and then he found that if he was actually going to get it released, he would have to cut it down to two hours.

Q: Does this issue of length apply to books, too? Is a 1,000-page book somehow too much?

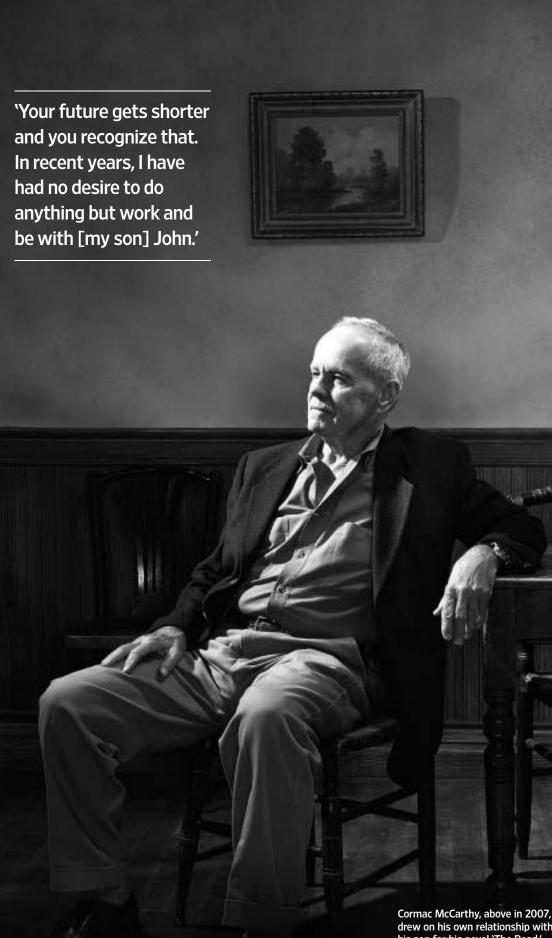
For modern readers, yeah. People apparently only read mystery stories of any length. With mysteries, the longer the better and people will read any damn thing. But the indulgent, 800-page books that were written a hundred years ago are just not going to be written anymore and people need to get used to that. If you think you're going to write something like "The Brothers Karamazov" or "Moby Dick," go ahead. Nobody will read it. I don't care how good it is, or how smart the readers are. Their intentions, their brains are different.

Q: People have said "Blood Meridian" is unfilmable because of the sheer darkness and violence of the story.

That's all crap. The fact that's it's a bleak and bloody story has nothing to do with whether or not you can put it on the screen. That's not the issue. The issue is it would be very difficult to do and would require someone with a bountiful imagination and a lot of balls. But the payoff could be extraordinary.

Q: How does the notion of aging and death affect the work you do? Has it become more urgent?

Your future gets shorter and you recognize that. In recent years, I have had no desire to do anything but work and be with [son] John. I hear people talking about going on a vacation or something and I think, what is that about? I have no desire to go on a trip. My perfect day is sitting in a



room with some blank paper. That's heaven. That's gold and anything else is just a waste of time.

Q: How does that ticking clock affect your work? Does it make you want to write more shorter pieces, or to cap things with a large, all-encompassing work?

I'm not interested in writing short stories. Anything that doesn't take years of your life and drive you to suicide hardly seems worth doing.

Q: The last five years have seemed very productive for you. Have there been fallow periods in your writing?

I don't think there's any rich period or fallow period. That's just a perception you get from what's published. Your busiest day might

be watching some ants carrying bread crumbs. Someone asked Flannery O'Connor why she wrote, and she said, "Because I was good at it." And I think that's the right answer. If you're good at something it's very hard not to do it. In talking to older people who've had good lives, inevitably half of them will say, "The most significant thing in my life is that I've been extraordinarily lucky." And when you hear that you know you're hearing the truth. It doesn't diminish their talent or industry. You can have all that and fail.

Q: Can you tell me about the book you're working on, in terms of story or setting?

I'm not very good at talking about this stuff. It's mostly set in New Orleans around 1980. It has to do with a brother and sister.

his son for his novel 'The Road.'

When the book opens she's already committed suicide, and it's about how he deals with it. She's an interesting girl.

Q: Some critics focus on how rarely you go deep with female characters.

This long book is largely about a young woman. There are interesting scenes that cut in throughout the book, all dealing with the past. She's committed suicide about seven years before. I was planning on writing about a woman for 50 years. I will never be competent enough to do so, but at some point you have to try.

O: You were born in Rhode Island and grew up in Tennessee. Why did you end up in the Southwest?

I ended up in the Southwest be-

cause I knew that nobody had ever written about it. Besides Coca-Cola, the other thing that is universally known is cowboys and Indians. You can go to a mountain village in Mongolia and they'll know about cowboys. But nobody had taken it seriously, not in 200 years. I thought, here's a good subject. And it was.

Q: You grew up Irish Catholic. I did, a bit. It wasn't a big issue. We went to church on Sunday. I don't even remember religion ever even being discussed.

Q: Is the God that you grew up with in church every Sunday the same God that the man in "The Road" questions and curses?

It may be. I have a great sympathy for the spiritual view of life, and I think that it's meaningful. But am I a spiritual person? I would like to be. Not that I am thinking about some afterlife that I want to go to, but just in terms of being a better person. I have friends at the Institute. They're just really bright guys who do really difficult work solving difficult problems, who say, "It's really more important to be good than it is to be smart." And I agree it is more important to be good than it is to be smart. That is all I can offer you.

Q: Because "The Road" is so personal, did you have any hesitations about seeing it adapted?

No. I've seen John's film ["The Proposition"] and I knew him somewhat by reputation and I thought he'd probably do a good job in respect to the material. Also, my agent, she's just the best. She wasn't going to sell the book to somebody unless she had some confidence in what they would do with it. It's not just a matter of money.

O: For novels such as "Blood Meridian," you did extensive historical research. What kind of research did you do for "The Road"?

I don't know. Just talking to people about what things might look like under various catastrophic situations, but not a lot of research. I have these conversations on the phone with my brother Dennis, and quite often we get around to some sort of hideous end-of-the-world scenario and we always wind up just laughing. Anyone listening to this would say, "Why don't you just go home and get into a warm tub and open a vein." We talked about if there was a small percentage of the human population left, what would they do? They'd probably divide up into little tribes and when everything's gone, the only thing left to eat is each other. We know that's true historically.

Q: What kind of reactions have you gotten to "The Road" from fathers?

I have the same letter from about six different people. One from Australia, one from Germany, one from England, but they all said the same thing. They said, "I started reading your book after dinner and I finished it 3:45 the next morning, and I got up and went upstairs and I got my kids up and I just sat there in the bed and held them."

► Read an extended conversation with Cormac McCarthy and director John Hillcoat, and see a clip from 'The Road,' at WSJ.com/Lifestyle



Impressionist Yves Lecoq talks to Lennox Morrison about renovating châteaux



Essonne, France EHIND MASSIVE wrought iron gates extends a golden autumnal avenue, positioned to deny the passer-by a view of Château de Villiers. The gates swing open electronically and, deeper into the grounds, I finally come upon an imposing Louis XIII edifice. Inside, in the oak-panelled and tapestry-hung winter drawing room, within a mantel of veined ox blood marble, logs crackle behind an embroidered screen. On a circular wooden table, beneath a chandelier, a bottle of Krug champagne nestles next to a box of Lenôtre chocolates from which someone has already plucked his favorites.

The scene has been set by owner Yves Lecoq who, despite employing a maître d'hôtel, makes me midmorning coffee. When I comment on the flavor he switches from French to English and, in George Clooney's voice, says, "It's Nespresso—what else?"

The uncannily good impersonation is no surprise. As France's leading impressionist, Mr. Lecoq has a repertoire of 200 voices, from Woody Allen to Zidane Zinedine. Not to mention his controversial takeoff of the nation's first jogging president, Nicolas Sarkozy.

What's less well known about our host is that thanks to more than 30 years of show business success and a French fiscal regime that deals kindly with owners of officially classified historic properties, he has become a collector of châteaux. Since 1975, when he was 29 years old, he has purchased five, all in states of disrepair.

"There's a sort of love affair between myself and these buildings. When I first discover them it's like love at first sight," says Mr. Lecoq, whose lavishly illustrated book, "Fou de châteaux" ("Crazy about Châteaux"), is published this month by Editions du Chêne.

His main home at Villiers-le-Bâcle is in a pretty countryside 30 minutes drive southwest of central Paris. Set within wooded 40-hectare grounds where deer and wild boar roam, the 40 rooms are furnished in a finely judged mix of period style and modern comfort (central heating, flat-screen TVs con-

cealed behind framed Louis XIV tapestries.) Having rescued the property from Sleeping Beauty dilapidation, Mr. Lecoq plays tour guide with great courtesy. Were he in a more

guide with great courtesy. Were he in a more reclusive mood, however, he could retreat to Château de Maisonseule, his fortified medieval manor secluded deep within the rugged mountain ranges of the Ardèche in south-central France.

"There's silence there and a great sense of well-being," says Mr. Lecoq. "It's a place where, when I encounter disappointments, I can go and recharge my batteries and get back on track."

Should he hanker for a rustic riverside idyll, he could head to Chambes, his 16th-century manor in Charente Limousine, western France.

"Villiers is about my everyday existence," he says. "At Chambes, I get away from it all. I feel very much at peace there."

Far from being born into grandeur, Mr. Lecoq is the son of a navy officer turned sales rep for agricultural equipment and was raised the youngest of five children in a cramped attic apartment within the grounds of a 17th-century mansion in Paris. As a boy he peered down longingly at the magnificent residence below and followed the comings and goings of the marquess who lived there.

From his maternal grandmother, an antique dealer, Mr. Lecoq inherited a love of art and of architectural beauty. Through her marriage to a baron he is entitled to the surname Lecoquierre-Duboys de La Vigerie. When I ask him why he doesn't use it every day, he says simply, "It's unpronounceable." Nevertheless, at 63, with his height, well-cut features and clear blue gaze, Mr. Lecoq has a naturally aristocratic appearance, coupled with great warmth.

Ironically, Mr. Lecoq can indulge his château habit because of money earned imitating and often making fun of—the rich and famous. At six, he entertained his family by singing like French songsters Gilbert Bécaud and Juliette Greco. By 18, his repertoire included Cliff Richard and Sacha Distel. School friends nicknamed him "Juke Box."





After gaining a degree in art history and archaeology at the Sorbonne, he took over his grandmother's shop and worked as an antique dealer and interior decorator. However, at 28-with acclaimed debuts on television, radio and stage—his show-business career took off.

Today, the TV show he is best known for introduces a cold blast of irreverence into the often unhealthily cosy relationship between French politicians and the media. Inspired by British television's "Spitting Image" series of the Thatcher years, "Les Guignols de l'info" presents spoof newscasts featuring latex puppets of anyone who's anyone in French politics and also foreign leaders such as Barack Obama.

Running for more than 20 years, the primetime series on Canal+ attracts three millionplus viewers each weeknight. Lately, the sketches sending up a pint-sized Nicolas Sarkozy and the meteoric ascent of his student son (both voices courtesy of Mr. Lecoq) are said to have stirred presidential displeasure.

The first house Mr. Lecoq bought, at 27, was a restoration project on a modest scale-a suburban villa with garden, but without heating or bathroom. It was when he began thinking of a half-timbered farmhouse in the country that his agent handed him the French property bible, "Indicateur Bertrand," saying, "For the same budget, why not buy a château?"

Which is how, before turning 30, Mr. Lecoq acquired Château d'Hédauville in northern France, an 18th-century construction with classic stone and red brick façades but also a leaking roof and gardens turned to cattle pasture. He reinstated its original glory and furnished it with antiques gleaned when touring the country with his own stage show.

When burglars struck he lost many treasures but the insurance payout and then sale of Hédauville helped fund the purchase of an even more spectacular property nearby-Château de Suzanne, a turreted Louis XIII edifice, renovated during the reign of Napoleon III with a grand marble staircase and painted ceilings reminiscent of Versailles. On this palatial

scale, builders and decorators were busy for 18 years.

Not in the ranks of the super-wealthy, Mr. Lecoq borrows money to realize his dreams. Villiers, he says, he expects to "earn its keep," mostly by rentals to film crews. When the likes of Michelle Pfeiffer take over the master bedroom—as she did for the filming of Stephen Frears's "Chéri" last year-Mr. Lecoq decamps to the presbytery on the grounds.

Financial considerations forced him to sell Suzanne. By then, however, he'd acquired Maisonseule and Villiers and last year he fell for Chambes, a two-tower country house with water mill, close to where one of his ancestors served as administrator in the days of Louis XIV. (He also has a traditional style whitewalled villa in Tunisia with direct access to the beach at Hammamet and an unimpeded view of the Ottoman fortress.) No wonder estate agents continue to call Mr. Lecoq with fresh propositions.

As with all previous restoration projects, Mr. Lecoq is often on site at Chambes and acts as his own interior designer, taking equal delight in picking up a hand-forged period door handle in a flea market as in more ambitious schemes. At Maisonseule, he had a walled stone enclosure built overlooking the valley. From below, it looks like an ancient annex but it actually conceals an outdoor swimming pool with a breathtaking mountain panorama.

Mr. Lecog considers the time and money invested in his properties as his contribution to the national heritage. I ask whether his homes make him feel like a true lord of the manor. "It's a term I don't like to hear because everyone knows that I'm the curator and the project manager," he replies. "There are fleeting moments, like today when I'm sitting at the fireside, or I'm in the middle of a dinner, when I have a sense of playing lord of the manor. After nearly 40 years of restoration projects I think I'm entitled to feel like that from time to time. But it's not the real life of a lord of the manor. That belongs to another age."

–Lennox Morrison is a writer based in Paris.

Clockwise from top left: Yves Lecoq's Château de Maisonseule in the Ardèche; the manor house at Chambes near river Charente in western France; the interior of Château de Maisonseule; hunting trophies from bygone days at Château de Villiers; in the 18-meter-long gallery at Château de Villiers, a hand forged door handle is one of the details in which Mr. Lecog takes delight; two veteran horses roam the grounds at Château de Villiers.







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MAGNIFICENT HEIGHTS LOCATION



Cities tumble, film bumbles

"2012," Roland Emmerich's latest assault on planet Earth and its moviegoers, isn't the end of the world: It only feels that way. This oafish epic about the End of Days—as predicted by the Mayan calendar—operates in a dead zone roughly equidistant between parody and idiocy. You do get the con-

Film JOE MORGENSTERN

nection between tongue and cheek, but much of the humor still goes thud. A few action sequences rise to the challenge of the subject, but many of the digital effects look murky, and the cumulative effect is numbness. The only character with genuine, if grotesque, energy is Charlie Frost, a crackpot prophet, conspiracy theorist and pirate radio broadcaster played by Woody Harrelson; he provides a few jolts of Rapture schlock before the movie turns into destructo drek.

For better or (mainly) worse, Mr. Emmerich is up to his old tricks. In "Independence Day" he tested our mettle with marauding aliens. In "The Day After Tomorrow" he unleashed global warming that precipitated global freezing. This time his cosmic weapon of choice is a beam of mutant neutrinos that emanates from the sun and, by heating the Earth's core, destabilizes tectonic plates, defeats coherence (though the huge, disjointed production might have been conceived as a study in chaos theory) and degrades dialogue. ("An unprecedented international venture is under way," the American president tells his daughter during an intimate conversation couched in the near-English favored by Emmerich films.)

The international venture involves building what Charlie suspects to be a fleet of space ships that will save the rich and powerful before our planet goes the way of Krypton; to get a seat, the wild-eyed geezer says, "you'd have to be Bill Gates or Rupert Murdoch or some Russian billionaire." (Of the three, only a particularly obnoxious Russian billionaire has a confirmed reservation.) Since the White House has kept a lid of secrecy on the existence of the ships-which aren't really what Charlie suspects--it falls to the president's chief science adviser, Adrian Helmsley (Chiwetel Ejiofor), to uncover the truth. Once he does, however, Adrian, like his boss, seems blithely indifferent to the venture's ethical aspects, which aren't debated until the movie's climax. (The president finally wonders aloud if seats on the ships should have been offered in a lottery. That sounds like a plan, except for leaving six or seven billion passengers wait-listed.)

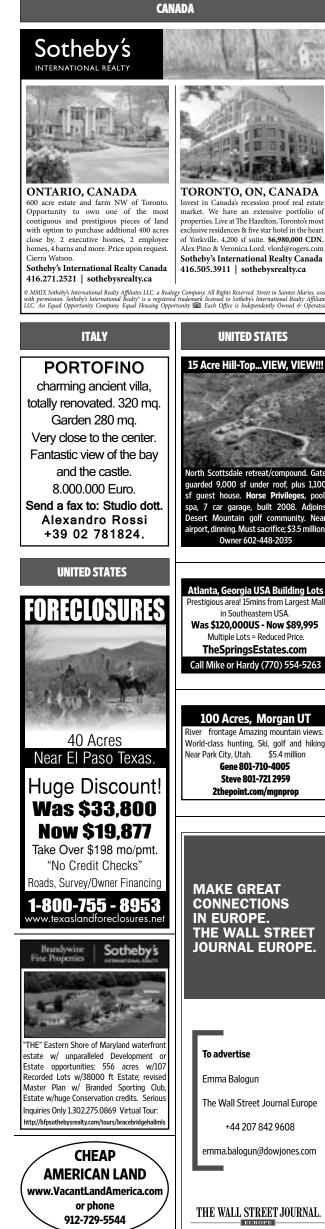
The script is so scatterbrained that no one ever seems to understand anything in real time; it's as if all reactions are on 30-minute delay. (The running time is 158 minutes.) What's more, "2012" has no discernible attitude toward the end of civilization, apart from the belief that there's a movie in it. The cast includes John Cusack as Jackson Curtis, a sci-fi novelist turned limo driver; Amanda Peet as Jackson's exwife, Kate; Danny Glover as the president; Thandie Newton as his daughter; and Oliver Platt as the president's steely chief of staff. Among the points of interest either damaged, disturbed or destroyed are Las Vegas, the Vatican, the Himalayas, the South Pole (relocated to Wisconsin), the Washington Monument, much of Wyoming and all of California. For once, Manhattan meets its fate offstage.

'Fantastic Mr. Fox'

Life is full of surprises. The best one I've had in a good while is "Fantastic Mr. Fox," Wes Anderson's stop-action animated version of the classic children's novel by Roald Dahl. Who could have guessed-certainly not me-that animation and Mr. Anderson, most recently the director of "The Darjeeling Limited," would be an inspired, and mutually inspiring, match? Instead of the vapid motion-capture process of "A Christmas Carol," he and his collaborators give us a captivating entertainment for the holiday season and well beyond.

The script, which the director wrote with Noah Baumbach, takes elaborate liberties with its source material. Now the bane of three farmers' existence is a bushy-tailed newspaper columnist voiced by George Clooney. (His wife, voiced by Meryl Streep, had been urging him to stop stealing birds and find a new line of work.) If that sounds precious or improbable-a wild animal hasn't written a newspaper column since the days of Jimmy Breslinthe film is all of that and more, the more being foxily funny. The visual style is a radical departure from the original Quentin Blake illustrations, but a hugely endearing one that's rendered in exotic colors, stuffed with more details than a Richard Scarry page and popping with zestful inventions.

So who's the film's audience? The voice cast alone should be a draw for adults—not just Mr. Clooney, who gives a commanding (no kidding) comic performance, but Ms. Streep, Bill Murray, Michael Gambon, Willem Dafoe, Jason Schwartzman, Owen Wilson; they're all delightful in their respective ways. And the look of the film should enchant kids who may be too young to savor the sophisticated script. All I can say for certain is that I didn't expect to be the audience for this lovely oddity, but I was.



DISTINCTIVE PROPERTIES & ESTATES



Mr. Fox, voiced by George Clooney, aims to live up to his adjective in 'Fantastic Mr. Fox.'

* Wealth

Diamonds: An investor's best friend?

By TARA LOADER WILKINSON HEY ARE RARE, beautiful,

valuable and a girl's best friend but traditionally diamonds haven't really been considered an asset class in their own right.

Diamonds do not have the "safe haven" status of gold, and their prices are more volatile than the precious metal. While spot gold has gained around 25% in value this year, diamond prices have fallen by at least 10%, in line with the poor performance of the luxury industry, according to U.S.-based IDEX Online Diamond Prices, which tracks global asking prices for polished diamonds.

Some jewelry experts remain doubtful about diamond investing. David Bennett, Geneva-based chairman of jewelry for Europe and the Middle East at Sotheby's, says: "Like art, we would not advise someone to buy diamonds for investment purposes. People should buy diamonds for the joy of wearing them."

But the growing demand for tangible assets and portfolio diversification has led to the launch of a number of diamond investment funds this year, which believe they can achieve double-digit returns for investors. In March, alternative investment manager KPR Capital launched a Cavman Islands-domiciled open-ended investment diamond fund with a minimum buy in of \$250,000.

A few weeks earlier, Alfa Capital, the Russian investment group, launched a diamond investment fund with a minimum investment of €1m and an estimated yield of 15% to 17%.

This month the Emotional Assets Fund was launched, investing in a number of assets from fine art and rare stamps to diamonds and diamond jewelry. The fund is targeting a growth rate of 15% per annum with a minimum investment of £100,000

Dazzling Capital, a Londonbased company investing directly in period jewelry, also opened its doors this month, co-founded by former Christie's auctioneer Humphrey Butler, with former jockey and chartered accountant William

ening this year.

provided protection.

this year.

However,

to temporarily close a store in Palm

Beach, Florida, lay off workers. It is

expecting sales to fall by up to a fifth

Scheufele, co-president of the watch-

maker, says that despite these cost-

cutting measures, he realizes Chop-

Karl-Friedrich



The antique Marie Louise emerald-and-diamond necklace and earrings by Nitot.

Sporborg and Christopher Holdsworth Hunt, co-founder of City of London brokerage KBC Peel Hunt.

The company, which accepts a minimum investment of £10,000 with an estimated return on investment of 11%, counts Lady Madeleine Lloyd Webber, wife of the British composer Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber, as one of its investors. Investors can also rent Dazzling Capital jewelry for a nominal fee of £50.

Others say diamonds are too niche to gain a significant following. Swiss & Global Asset Management head of equities, Dr. Scilla Huang Sun, says her company doesn't have a diamond fund because the topic is too narrow to merit a fund of its own. Instead, the company includes diamond jewelry in its luxury fund.

Diamond trading is growing in sophistication. Until recently gems have been considered an illiquid asset. Auctions are rare and gem valuation was considered more of an art than a science. But in January the Dealers Organisation for Diamond Automated Quotes, an online diamond exchange, was launched, managed by Dutch bank ABN Amro. The Belgium-based DODAQ exchange attempts to surmount other traditional barriers to investment in the diamond market, such as high sales fees and low liquidity, and offers twoway auctions for polished diamonds, the first cash market for the gems.

Diamond funds provide diversification benefits by investing in a range of pieces, but many investors may want to buy their own diamondsnot least because they get to wear the jewelry when they want. Certain gems retain value better than others.

"If you want to buy diamonds for investment purposes, they should be big and fancy (colorful)," says Holly Midwinter-Porter, a gemologist at U.K. jeweler Boodles. "Red and green are the rarest, and unlike white, man-made diamonds, are finite as they are only found in one or two areas in the world." She says returns on rare diamonds can enjoy double digit growth a year, and their portability makes them more appealing than gold or art to some investors.

Another option for investors is the vintage diamond jewelry marketconsidered capable of more lucrative returns because of the added value of provenance. Mr. Butler brokered a \$4.5 million deal with the Louvre in 2004 for an antique emerald and diamond necklace and ear rings by Nitot, presented as a wedding present by Emperor Napoleon to his second empress, Marie Louise of Austria. The owners had bought it for a fraction of the sale price 10 years before.

Private buyers are taking advantage of a rebound in diamond prices, although buying at auction can mean paying eye-watering premi-ums of up to 25% plus VAT on the hammer price at houses like Sotheby's and Christie's. The seller is also charged a commission of between 15% and 10%, up to a value of £150.000, so the auction house can take as much as 40% out of each transaction.

Last December, a record was paid for a diamond at auction. The 36 carat blue Wittelsbach diamond sold for \$24.3 million at Christie's London auction.

Stephen Luffier, executive director of the world's biggest diamond miner De Beers Group, expects prices to grow strongly in the future. He said that after a difficult year which has seen De Beers's sales drop by over 10% net, a global scarcity of diamond mines, and a surge in demand from China and India, could turn diamonds into a sparkling investment.



'Boa' sofa (2006) by Fernando and Humberto Campana; estimate: €10,000-€15,000.

Sales in Paris and Vienna offer design

UCTIONS NEXT WEEK ${
m A}$ trace revolutionary design from the early 20th to the 21st century.

Collecting MARGARET STUDER

French designer Charlotte Perriand was only 24 in 1927 when she created the chromed metal furniture that laid the basis of her fame. Just married and decorating her apartment, she designed an extendable table built from new materials, which solved the problem of entertaining friends to a weekly sit-down dinner and avoided the clutter that came with keeping a huge table in the sitting room. This table is now in the collection of the Centre Pompidou in Paris.

Topping Sotheby's sale on Wednesday in Paris will be a unique, modified second version of this personal prototype—an extendable, chromed, lacquered metaland-linoleum table on wheels that was acquired by the French composer Jean Rivier and used by him until his death in 1987 (estimate: €250,000-€400,000).

Leading the Christie's auction in Paris on Thursday will be an interior designed in the mid-1920s by French decorator Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann for British publisher Lord Rothermere's apartment on the Champs Elysées. The marble bathroom is estimated at €300,000-€500,000 and a set of four rosewood and mahogany entrance hall doors at €60,000-€80,000.

In Vienna, Dorotheum's sale on Tuesday will feature Israeli designer Ron Arad's sleek "Big Spiral" table (1995) made from polished metal (estimate: €50,000-€70,000). A "Boa" sofa made from green satin in the shape of intertwined sleeping snakes (2006) by

Brazilian brothers Fernando and Humberto Campana is estimated at €10,000-€15,000. Also on offer will be the "Tagliatelle" chair (2004) by Belgium's designer-artist Arne Quinze.

The plastic seat is a handmade object in the form of noodles twisted around a fork (estimate: €10,000-€12,000). Mr.

Quinze conceived his chair when eating a plate of pasta.



The Scheufele family.

ard will have to invest if it wants to be around for a third century. Chopard is ploughing millions of dollars into two new workshops, between 10 and 15 new boutiques, and numerous parties at some of the most glamorous events across the world.

Mr. Scheufele's sister, Caroline Gruosi-Scheufele, is the company's other co-president and leads much of Chopard's promotional activity.

Chopard is associated with some of the biggest social events of the year: sponsoring the Elton John AIDS Foundation's annual White Tie & Tiara Summer Ball, holding a glitzy event in Marbella and maintaining a partnership with the Cannes Film Festival—where it sponsors a trophy and holds its annual "On The Rocks" party. Chopard also has a seven-year sponsorship deal with the Grand Prix Historique de Monaco, a vintage sports car race that takes place in Monte Carlo, a fortnight before the Formula One Grand Prix. They also sponsor the "Mille Miglia," a 24-hour, 1,000-mile vintage car rally in Italy.

Mr. Scheufele, however, says the company is very traditional at heart. It is one of the few Swiss watch companies that designs its own movements, which are branded with the initials of the company's founder, Louis-Ulysse Chopard.

Chopard has always been a familyrun business—just not always the same family. The Scheufele family took control of Chopard only in 1963, after the founder's grandson failed to convince any of his sons to run the company. The Scheufele's had been watchmakers in Germany and Karl Scheufele, who bought the company and is Karl-Friedrich's father, remains chairman of Chopard. Karl-Friedrich's wife Christine is in charge of purchasing and production.

Given the company's history, succession planning is a concern, but not, as yet, a pressing one. Mr. Scheufele says he isn't putting any pressure on his three children-the eldest is only 14—to join the business.

"Our main concern is teaching the next generation values," Christine Scheufele said. "If they want to enter into the business they have to earn their place. It is a huge responsibility and is not as glamorous as it may seem. We keep them away from the parties."

* Books

On splitting infinitives, marriages

New collection of T.S. Eliot's letters sheds light on the poet's day job and troubled home life

By Robin Moroney

HE LONG-AWAITED second volume of T.S. Eliot's letters shows how the unromantic lures of the day job can trap a genius. It picks up after 1922, the magical year when James Joyce's "Ulysses" diverted the stream of consciousness into novels, when Virginia Woolf buried conventional story-telling with "Jacob's Room" and when T.S. Eliot wrote what is perhaps the 20th century's greatest poem with "The Waste Land."

The resulting fame didn't change him. He came from one of those American families where living up to the last name was the main task. The family considered him a rebel for moving to England, but Eliot kept up the family tradition of linking everything to tradition. He had exploded the traditional concept of form in "The Waste Land" but was a vicious defender of rules. "I am very glad to send you my autograph, and hope in return for this trifling favour you will make me happy by ceasing to split infinitives," he wrote to an autograph hunter.

But even if he'd finally arrived as a big-time poet, Eliot had a problem. Poetry earned poetry money and

Eliot wanted to earn Eliot money the kind of money his father generated by founding the Hydraulic Press Brick Company in St. Louis. So Eliot worked at Lloyds Bank. In 1922, he gained a small promotion as Lloyds set up a department that would scan the European press for signs of financial opportunities in the ruins left by the Treaty of Versailles, with the polyglot Eliot as the head. Eliot told his mother that his prospects at the bank were "brilliant;" his department was located in a basement. Lloyds employees could look forward to Eliot's daily "Lloyds Bank Extracts From the Foreign Press" and his monthly column on foreign exchange for "Lloyds Bank Financial Monthly." The franc's rise, he said in 1923, had lost its links to economic fundamentals and "had long been less political than emotional."

Banking and poetry weren't all that occupied Eliot's time. At night, he worked on the Criterion, the literary journal that grew enough of a reputation for its essays and poems that within a year Eliot switched from begging for contributions (even after a condolence letter, in one case) to turning them away. He also had a talent for contracting diseases; the stress sent him through non-fatal conditions so quickly that it seems that in healing one condition, doctors were merely clearing up room for another one to get in.

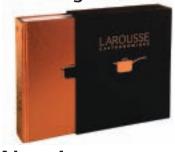
"I was in bed for days after my visit to Paris a fortnight ago, then was up for three days and then in bed again" is how he described one trip. The only person sicker than him was his wife, Vivien, who received a series of treatments worse than her disease. These either brought on or exacerbated her full-on madness in the 1930s. Eliot managed only one poem in this period, "Sweeney Agonistes." It's a comical and surreal series of scenes revolving around a man imagining murdering his wife.

Despite the serenity of his prose from this period, Eliot could barely keep his head above water. He had to leave Lloyds to focus on writing and poetry but felt himself tied to the bank. Friends and relatives made an effort to set him up with jobs that would allow him to leave Lloyds. Eliot turned them down, sometimes denying that his decision had anything to do with money, at other times saying it was, in fact, simply a matter of money. He was so busy he didn't have time to say he was busy: "No time to write more still having a hell of a time: Yrs T"

Faber & Gwyer, the publishing

house that eventually became Faber & Faber, offered the way out to financial security, poetry and literary respectability. The triumph of a secure income and a journal to edit solved one of his problems. But as those parts of his life improved, it became clear how bad his marriage was. Eliot asked friends for advice. Should he pursue his ambitions, even if it meant sacrificing his relationship with Vivien or even Vivien's life itself? The most chilling part of these letters comes when the critic John Middleton Murry advises Eliot that if things keep on as they are "the choice really is: she may die, I must die. Then you must say: I will not die." Eliot asks him to write another letter that he can show to Vivien. "The truth is that if you can break through the circle, V. breaks through too" was Murry's propaganda version. Eliot and his friends had decided that Eliot couldn't continue without Vivien, but didn't dare tell Viven that.

Eliot lived his life through intolerable pressures that he tolerated for years and then suddenly resolved in a dramatic fashion. He separated from Vivien in 1933 while he was on a trip to America. In 1938, she was confined to a mental hospital and in 1947 she died. "He didn't know if he was alive/ and the girl was dead," Eliot wrote in "Sweeney Agonistes." "He didn't know if they were both alive/ or both were dead." Arbitrage -



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Brussels	€105	€105
Frankfurt	€118	€118

Note: Prices, plus taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.



A vintage snapshot of T.S. Eliot's wife, Vivien Eliot (1921).

SAVE **THE DATE** 24 Novembre 2009 shion Global Palazzo Mezzanotte Chi sopravviverà? Dieci idee per superare la crisi Who Will Survive? Ten Ideas to Overcome the Crisis 8th EDITION Presented by Classeditori 🛫 Borsa Italiana THE WALL STREET JOURNAL Class LIFE **Bank of America** Merrill Lynch LUTING www.fashionsummit.it - e.mail: fashionsummit@class.it +39 02 58219396 / 947 Press office +39 02 58219460 gmgiura@class.it

WEEKEND JOURNAL | Friday - Sunday, November 20 - 22, 2009 W13

* Top Picks

In Germany, a journey into the Surreal

LUDWIGSHAFEN: Surrealism flourished in the 1920s and 1930s following the publication of André Breton's "Manifesto of Surrealism" in 1924. Although Paris was the undisputed capital of the art movement, Prague developed its own parallel Surrealist scene. The "Against all Reason, Surrealism Paris-Prague" exhibition brings together works of Surrealist art from both cities, assembling more than 300 works in two museums, the Wilhelm-Hack Museum and the Kunstverein in Ludwigshafen.

René Magritte's "In Memory of Mack Sennett" (1936) shows a white nightgown containing two human breasts. It hangs in an otherwise empty closet. Toyen, a Surrealist painter from Prague, takes up the theme with "Die Verlassene Höhle" (1937) (The Abandoned Cave) and depicts an empty corset floating in a cave-like space.

Throughout this exhibition, paintings by Magritte, de Chirico, Salvador Dalí and Man Ray are placed next to works by names not so familiar to Western art lovers: Hudecek, Styrsky and Toyen. The latter are Surrealists from Prague whose work has rarely been seen in Western Europe until now. Both Styrsky and Toyen lived in Paris in the 1930s and had close contact with the French Surrealists.

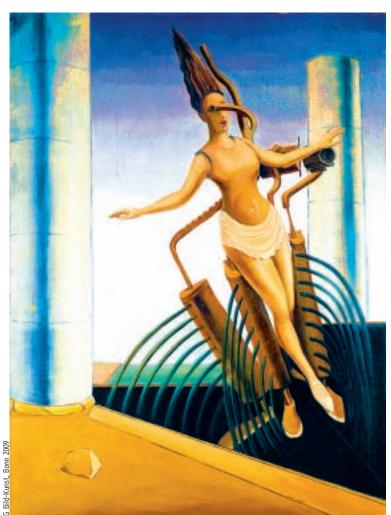
Along with paintings, this show has objects, like a costume designed by Salvador Dalí—a dress in the shape of a skull. This is not the only Dalí in this show. The painter's imposing 9x14 meter stage curtain "Bacchanal," exhibited for the first time in Europe, took a major effort to install, involving a crew of six. At its center is a hollowed-out swan in front of a volcanic mound littered with bones.

A painstaking reproduction of the Surrealist exhibition at the Galerie Wildenstein in 1938 has its own room. The original, designed by Marcel Duchamp with lighting by Man Ray, was probably the first multi-media art event in history. Ambient sound was piped into the darkened gallery and visitors were bombarded by sounds of freight trains, marching armies and screaming women. The smell of freshly ground coffee permeated the atmosphere, coal sacks were hung from the ceiling and leaves covered the floor.

The exhibition at the Kunstverein shows 180 photographs, bringing photo artists from Paris and Prague face to face for the first time. The Surrealist photographers were not concerned with making faithful reproductions of reality, but rather with discovering hidden realities. What this exhibition shows is that Surrealism was not just a style of painting but an attitude deeply rooted in political convictions. Surrealist artists set out to explore the submerged impulses and imagery that society banned. Their dreamlike images still haunt the viewer today. -Mariana Schroeder

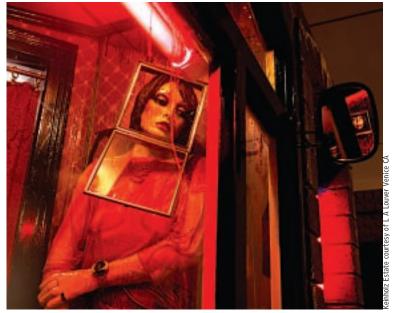
Until Feb. 14

www.surrealismus-Ludwigshafen.de



'The Wavering Woman' (1923) by Max Ernst.

Recreating Amsterdam's red-light district in London



LONDON: At the National Gallery's Sunley Room, "The Hoerengracht," a big installation (made from 1983-88) by the late Ed Kienholz (1927-94) and his wife, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, is a walk-through imaginative recreation of a passage in Amsterdam's red-light district.

The Kienholz piece evokes the dark alleys and windows that glow with the glare of red light, allowing the passer-by to see the faces, parts of the bodies and sometimes the work spaces of the women offering love for sale. It's tawdry, grubby and made disturbing by the device of enclosing the head of each prostitute in a clear glass display box with its metallic frame surrounding her face, and the lid flopping onto her chest. Voyeuristic and seedy, its vibes are definitely negative.

Why, then, does the National Gallery depart so far from its usual brief as to show the work of contemporary artists, and exhibit an installation like this for the first time ever in its history? There are three connections—though I think only two of them are intentional. First, the curators stress that some younger artists—Mike Kelley, Paul McCarthy, Tracey Emin and Damien Hirst have "produced work that is in a direct line of descent from Kienholz." Second, a slightly teasing display in an ante-room makes some unobvious thematic links between the Kienholz "tableau" and Old Master paintings from the National Gallery's own collection.

Third, though the gallery does not call our attention to this: The lifesize sculptures (all cast from living women) echo the 17th-century Spanish religious painted sculptures in "The Sacred Made Real," on show downstairs in the National Gallery's Sainsbury wing.

—Paul Levy Until Feb. 21

www.nationalgallery.org.uk

The tumultuous times of dancer Isadora Duncan

PARIS: An iconic barefoot dancer with a tumultuous lifestyle, Isadora Duncan electrified high society drawing rooms and theaters with her unconventional artistry and rebellious spirit. Born in California in 1877, she spent much of her life in France, where she experienced her greatest triumphs on stage but also the deepest tragedy. It was in the River Seine that her two children perished in a car accident in 1913, and in Nice in 1927 that she died at only 50, strangled by her scarf when it caught in a wheel of the open-top Bugatti in which she was a passenger.

Opening on Nov. 20 at the Musée Bourdelle in Montparnasse is the first major exhibition in France devoted to the pioneering "living sculpture" who inspired so many artists. Among them was sculptor Antoine Bourdelle, around whose 19th-century atelier the museum has been created. The permanent collection is devoted to his works. The temporary exhibition, which celebrates Duncan's years in France, assembles 25 paintings (including a portrait by Eugène Carrière), 150 drawings, 35 sculptures and 100 photographs from collections worldwide.

Bourdelle first encountered "the little American dancer" when she performed at a woodland banquet given in honour of his teacher, Auguste Rodin. Both men were stirred to sketch Duncan, and these drawings are shown here.

Atmospheric period photographs show Duncan with her girl pupils, with her arms around her children, and also dancing in Antique costume at the Parthenon in Greece. Her life force is captured arrestingly by Belgian artist Rik Wouters in "La Folle Danseuse" (circa 1912), a bronze statue of a dancer in full ecstasy of movement.

A moment of pure enchantment, however, occurs on entering a gallery where, projected onto a back wall, is a flickering black-and-white film-31 precious seconds of Duncan performing at a garden party, the only known footage in existence. Duncan considered the cinematography of the day inadequate to capture her expressiveness. A new film shot at the museum and shown at the exhibition might have appealed to her. Choreographer Jean-Claude Gallotta has dancers perform clothed, but also nude, interacting with sculptures in the galleries and courtyard gardens.

—Lennox Morrison Until March 14 www.bourdelle.paris.fr

'The Hoerengracht' (1983-88) at the National Gallery.

Framing W.H. Auden and Benjamin Britten at the National Theatre

LONDON: Alan Bennett's new play for the National Theatre, "The Habit of Art," conjures up a fictitious 1972 meeting in W.H. Auden's rooms at his old Oxford college between Auden and Benjamin Britten, the composer who had been part of the poet's ménage in Brooklyn during World War II. The pair haven't met for 25 years. Auden is not flourishing as a writer, though he works at his poetry every day, simply because he has "the habit of art." Britten is stuck in his new opera, "Death in Venice," partly because he's too buttoned-up to discuss his real feelings about boys, and thus about the plot of the opera, with his librettist Myfanwy Piper.

A third major character is introduced. Humphrey Carpenter (1946-2005) was a renaissance man, musician, successful writer of children's stories and plays, beloved BBC broadcaster, and biographer of J.R.R. Tolkien (which yields one of the play's best jokes), W.H. Auden and Benjamin Britten.

Mr. Bennett cleverly sets the Auden/Britten confrontation as a play being rehearsed at the NT itself, and, as the Assistant Stage Manager character says, the biographer role is "a very good device, because otherwise they'd all be having to tell each other stuff they know already." A hilarious conceit carries part of the play, as Auden mistakes Carpenter for a rent boy he's engaged.

This is fine stuff, applying a supple coating of wry comedy to topics ranging from artists' late styles, to sexual freedom; from artistic sincerity, to a long, blissfully silly discussion of the male genitalia; from the meaning of poetry, to how composers want their music to be received; and from the question of whether the words or the music are more important in opera, to the value of biography.

Nicholas Hytner directs, with arresting performances by Alex Jennings as Britten and Frances de la Tour as the Stage Manager. Richard Griffiths took over as Auden when Michael Gambon fell ill. The script has been rewritten to take account of Mr. Griffiths's now alarming bulk yet he remains miscast, as he is ever more impressive and less able to play anyone but the splendid Richard Griffiths. —Paul Levy Until April 6

www.nationaltheatre.org.uk



Isadora Duncan (1903) by Studio Elvira.

Before his death in 1977, Vladimir Nabokov instructed his wife, Vera, to burn the unfinished draft of a novel called "The Original of Laura"-a handwritten mélange of notes on 138 index cards. Vera ignored the instruction. Instead, she temporized for 16 years about whether to publish the book in its incomplete form, and never did. When she died in 1991, the cards were still locked in a Swiss bank vault. Dmitri Nabokov, the novelist's 75-yearold son, has now liberated them. Indeed, they are displayed for all to see, precisely duplicated on detachable cards—one per page, with printed transcriptions underneath-in the first published edition of "The Original of Laura." Should we be glad for this posthumous novel, however incomplete?

The first effect of reading "The Original of Laura" gives less pleasure than a certain squeamishness. The bony, tentative hand of illness can be found on the cards themselves. The lineaments of a serious literary undertaking are obvious, too, but in only a few places can one discern even a hint of the technical brilliance, the penchant for parody, the irresistible flippancy that we would recognize as the work of the au-thor of "Lolita," "Pale Fire" and "Ada." "The Original of Laura" shows us the writer's version of a great athlete in decline: not, so to speak, the glorious baseball giant Lou Gehrig of 1927, but the feeble shadow of the same man, retiring at midseason in 1939.

The novel's plot is a simple

Bookshelf / By Charles Petersen

one: A flighty adventuress named Flora, the daughter of an artistic couple, becomes, as the years pass, the subject of a scandalous novel, "My Laura." It has been written, we are told, "by a neurotic and hesitant man of letters" (a former lover, it is suggested). Young Flora experiences sex early, not excluding a groping encounter at age 12 with a lecher named (drum roll) Hubert H. Hubert, a paramour of Flora's own flighty mother. Years later, she marries fat, wealthy Philip Wild, another older man, with whom after three years she

The Original of Laura

becomes bored-then faithless.

By Vladimir Nabokov

(Penguin Classics, 304 pages, £25)

That a child molester named Hubert H. Hubert should show up in a late Nabokov novel is hard to comprehend artistically, even parodically. Hubert's appearance seems less a final salute to "Lolita"—where, two decades before, Humbert Humbert had done the lusting—than a lapse in judgment. It is charming, up to a point, that a great novelist in his last years remains so beguiled by nubile females that he must lavish his gifts upon them yet again, but it is not a cause for literary celebration.

More fitting to Nabokov's older self are the novel's portraits of Hubert and Wild, both intensely unattractive men. They allow Nabokov to sketch the shipwreck of old age, the humiliations of desire in a spent, decrepit body. After one Wildean mating session with Laura, described in sad and eloquent detail, Nabokov writes: "Like toads or tortoises neither saw each other's faces." Philip Wild catalogs his weakening extremities and imagines his own death by "auto dissolution"—and Hubert himself dies of a stroke.

In the Cards, A Last Hand

Reflections on disease, mortality and impotence, not to mention a Swiftian disgust with the human body, figure prominently in "The Original of Laura." On one card we find a reference to Wild's "stomack ailment": "I loathe my belly, that trunkful of bowels, which I have to carry around, and everything connected with it-the wrong food, heartburn, constipation's leaden load." One can't help thinking that such passages capture the author's own musings: The novel was begun in 1975, two years before Nabokov's death. Its deadpan subtitle: "Dying is fun."

It is not all about dying. There are witty Nabokovian moments as well. The virtuoso Nabokov parentheses are in evidence. "First of all she dismissed Cora with the strelitzias (hateful blooms, regalized bananas, really)." One remembers the early passage from "Lolita": "My very photogenic mother died in a freak accident (picnic, lightning) when I was three."

Nabokov wrote most of his novels, including "Lolita" and "Pale Fire," on index cards, a portable strategy that allowed him to compose in the car while his wife drove the devoted lepidopterist on butterfly expeditions. The cards could be shuffled around and often were. The publisher's decision to reproduce the originals on perforated cards, easily lifted out of the book and ready to be shuffled by the reader, gives "The Original of Laura" a play-kit quality. The

> Vladim. Naboko

cards themselves show Nabokov inserting words, writing memos to himself, scribbling afterthoughts: "invent tradename [for a medicine], e.g., cephalopium." At a certain point the novel noticeably weakens; the prose, ever more hallucinatory and random, nods off.

It is no surprise to discover an author in failing health losing his writerly powers. For son Dmitri, there is no such excuse. He claims English to be his "favorite and most flexible means of expression"-Dmitri, you see, is multilingual-but his introduction is nonsensical, snobbish and cruel and reads as if it has been translated from the Albanian. Of his father's medical treatment: "The tests continued; a succession of doctors rubbed their chins as their bedside manner edged toward the graveside."

"Nabokov would have wanted me to become his Person from Porlock," Dmitri says, in a typically hamfisted reference to the figure who intruded on Coleridge's great poem "Kubla Khan" before it was finished. But his preface lacks an appropriately chastened quality (after all, he defied his father's wishes). Instead, Dmitri airs old grievances. He

complains of a customs inspector stealing a flask of cognac from the family (in 1940) and then of his own personal loss (in 1948) of an inscribed first edition of "Lolita." He guiltily attacks those who would fault his decision to publish "The Original of Laura" as "half-literate journalists" and

"lesser minds" and "individuals of limited imagination."

The last card of "The Original of Laura" is a poignant list of synonyms for "efface"—expunge, erase, delete, rub out, wipe out, obliterate. Although we might hope that Nabokov was on his way to a great book, it is a pity that his instructions were ignored and the novel survived in such a form. English professors may assign "The Original of Laura" to their students someday, but it is really better suited to a college ethics class.

Mr. Theroux's latest novel is "Laura Warholic: Or, The Sexual Intellectual" (Fantagraphics).

Letters are a biographer's best friend—and worst enemy. They are a vivid way of tracking a subject's day-to-day thoughts and activities, but they can also have an up-staging effect. William Faulkner, in a letter to his parents, wrote about a ride on a New York subway: "The experiment showed me that we are not descended from monkeys, as some say, but from lice." No mere biographer's narrative, however conscientious, can compete with such personal confidences.

Yours Ever: People and Their Letters

By Thomas Mallon (Pantheon, 338 pages, \$26.95)

Thomas Mallon, a novelist and literary historian, does not shrink from this challenge and has instead made first-person writing the center of his critical attention. A quarter-century ago, with "A Book of One's Own," he took on that other great "frenemy" of biographers, the diary. Now, with "Yours Ever," his prose aims to illuminate not the juicy self-revelations of diarists but the best that the epistolary genre has to offer. Lord Byron, for instance, on his latest masterpiece: "It may be profligate but is it not life, is it not the thing? Could any man have written it who has not lived in the world?--and fooled in a post-chaise? in a hackney-coach?

in a gondola? against a wall? in a court carriage? in a vis-à-vis? on a table? and under it?"

Or Colette, on her preferred style of living: "I have very often deprived myself of the necessities of life, but I have never consented to give up a luxury." And on her idea of luxury: "All I want to do is go on with the unbridled life I lead here: barefoot, my faded bathing suit, an old jacket, lots of garlic, and swimming at all hours of the day."

Reading through "Yours Ever," one can't help compiling one's own best-of list. Best Reply, H.L. Mencken, on receipt of a Christmas letter: "Christmas be damned." Best Disappointed Love Letter, George Bernard Shaw: "Infamous, vile, heartless, frivolous, wicked woman! Liar! lying lips, lying eyes, lying hands, promise breaker, cheat, confidence-trickster!" Best Valediction, Marcel Proust: "I was your truly sincere friend." Best Postscript, Theodore Roosevelt: "P.S.—I have just killed a bear." Beat that!

It is to Mr. Mallon's credit that he doesn't try to and presents his book as no more than a "long cover letter" to the "cornucopia" of collected-letters editions listed at the back. For younger readers, for whom putting pen to paper is a quaint and vague notion,

"Yours Ever" may also serve as a letter of introduction to the joys of letter writing. Today, Mr. Mallon complains, we rarely see "the kind of considered exchange to which e-mail is . . . doing such chatty, hurry-up violence."

Medium of Exchange

True enough, though it's not hard to imagine many versions of the examples quoted

above showing up in email-or, echoing Byron, in instant messages or blog comments, where so much bombast and bragging can now be found. Indeed, one comfort of "Yours Ever" comes from seeing a few of the hallmarks of the electronic age in earlier correspondence. No less a writer than the poet Philip Larkin, it turns out, was a master of all caps, a technique that today's twentysomethings may have thought they had invented. "The US edition of ["High Windows"] is out, with a photograph of me that cries out for the caption 'FAITH HEALER OR HEARTLESS FRAUD?'

Old love letters, as Mr. Mallon notes, inevitably leave something to be desired. "Whenever the lovers do manage to get together," he writes, "the letters stop dead." By contrast, a collection of contemporary lovers' correspondence would likely overflow with daily emails and text messages, even if the beloved were a mere five minutes away by cab. This is where Mr. Mallon's argument about the death of "considered" communication finds its greatest force. A young woman sends a sweet

photo of herself by cellphone and her boyfriend taps out a quick note to thank her; Héloïse, locked up in a nunnery in the 12th century, looks

at her lonely portrait of Abelard and writes: "If a picture, which is but a mute representation of an object, can give such pleasure, what cannot letters inspire? They have souls; they can oble they have in them all

speak; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart."

As Mr. Mallon notes, "the small hardships of letter writinghaving to think a moment longer before completing utterance; remaining in suspense while awaiting reply; having one's urgent letters cross in the mail-are the things that enrich it, emotionally and rhetorically." If the Internet age has seen the renewal of the written word—email, blog post, text message, "tweet"-it remains true that none of these forms naturally supports the soulful writing of Héloïse or, to take another example, of Keats, whose entire philosophy of life we find in his

letters. "Do you not see how necessary a World of Pain and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a Soul?" Together with the many amusements of "Yours Ever"—Keats also wrote: "I never intend hereafter to spend any time with Ladies unless they are handsome"—Mr. Mallon's fine book shows how important it is that we take pains to continue writing soulful letters today, whether on paper or in pixels.

Mr. Petersen, an editor for n+1 magazine, lives in Montana.

Notable Quotable

The British author Evelyn Waugh, then in Yugoslavia, writing home to his wife on Jan. 7, 1945:

Darling Laura, sweet whiskers, do try to write me better letters. Your last, dated 19 December received today, so eagerly expected, was a bitter disappointment. Do realize that a letter need not be a bald chronicle of events: I know you lead a dull life now, my heart bleeds for it, though I believe you could make it more interesting if you had the will. But that is no reason to make your letters as dull as your life. I am simply not interested in Bridget's children. Do grasp that. A letter should be a form of conversation; write as though you were talking to me.



Amsterdam

Amsterdam art

"Hendrick Avercamp—Little Ice Age" showcases 20 winter landscapes by the Dutch painter (1585-1634), alongside 25 of his best drawings from museums and private collections. Riiksmuseum

Until Feb. 15 **a** 31-20-6747-000 www.rijksmuseum.nl

Baden-Baden art

"Baselitz: 50 Years of Painting" exhibits 80 paintings and 40 works on paper by German painter Georg Baselitz from his beginnings to the present.

Museum Frieder Burda Nov. 21-March 14 æ 49-72-2139-8980

sammlung-frieder-burda.de

Barcelona art

"Ray Johnson: Please Add to & Return" is a retrospective of the collages and mailings by the American artist (1927-95), including images of Elvis Presley, James Dean, Shirley Temple and Marilyn Monroe.

Berlin

art "Taswir—Pictorial Mappings of Islam and Modernity" examines classical Islamic calligraphy, ornament and miniatures in contemporary drawings, paint

tures in contemporary drawings, paintings, photography, video art and sculptures. Martin-Gropius-Bau

Until Jan. 18 æ 49-30-2548-90 www.berlinerfestspiele.de

photography

"Two Days in Berlin—Images of a City" shows 50 photographs depicting John F. Kennedy's visit to Berlin and the day the Berlin Wall came down by Bruno Barbey, Thomas Billhardt, Leonard Freed and others. The Kennedy-Museum

Until Jan. 31

₩ 49-30-2065-3570 www.thekennedys.de

Bern wildlife "David & Kodiak" offers photography of bears taken by the Swiss biologist and wildlife filmmaker David Bittner, documenting the life of Kodiak bears in Alaska. Naturhistorisches Museum Nov. 25-Jan. 10 \$\mathbf{\arrow}\$ 41-31-3507-111

Cologne

www.nmbe.ch

art "Leni Hoffmann" exhibits six site-related works by the German artist, in the public space in and around the museum. Museum Ludwig Until March 28 rachtarrow 49-221-2212-6165

www.museum-ludwig.de

Dublin concert

Grammy-Award winner and R&B phenomenon Beyoncé takes to the stage in Dublin with music from her latest album "I Am." The O2 Dublin Nov. 22-23 **a** 44-161-3853-211 www.livenation.com

Helsinki

design "Herman Olof Gummerus—Diplomat of Design" examines the life and work of the Finnish-Swedish professor (1909-96), through personal items and photographs. Design Museum Until Jan. 24 \$\mathbf{\arrow}\$ 358-9-6220-540

www.designmuseum.fi

Liverpool art

Mark Rothko—The Seagram Murals" displays nine paintings known as "The Seagram Murals" by the Latvian-born American artist (1903-70). Tate Liverpool Until March 21 ☎ 44-151-7027-400 www.tate.org.uk/liverpool



"Design Real" offers a space especially designed by German product designer Konstantin Grcic, featuring furniture and household products alongside technical and industrial innovations.

Serpentine Gallery Nov. 26-Feb. 7 **a** 44-20-7402-6075

www.serpentinegallery.org

social science

London

design

"Identity: Eight rooms, nine lives" explores the tension between the way we view ourselves and how others see us.

The Wellcome Collection Nov. 26-April 6

✿ 44-20-7611-2222 www.wellcomecollection.org

music

"Jonas Brothers World Tour 2009" brings the music of the teen pop-rock boy band phenomenon to the British capital. Wembley Arena Nov. 20-21



☎ 44-161-3853-211 www.livenation.com

Madrid

"Toyo Ito" showcases models and documentation of work by the Japanese architect currently being built in Spain.

Casa Asia Centre Until Feb. 28 **a** 34-91-420-2303 casaasia.es

art

"Juan Bautista Maíno" shows 35 works by the Spanish painter (1581-1649) and 31 works by artists who influenced him, including Velázquez (1599-1660) and Caravaggio (1571-1610). Museo del Prado Until Jan. 17 æ 34-91-330-2800

www.museodelprado.es

Manchester

art "Angels of Anarchy—Women Artists and Surrealism" features over 150 artworks, including paintings, photography and sculpture by Frida Kahlo, Lee Miller, Meret Oppenheim and others. Manchester City Gallery Until Jan.10

☎ 44-161-2358-888

www.manchestergalleries.org

Munich art

"Andreas Hofer—Andy Hope 1930" displays 70 works, including large-scale installations, paintings, drawings, collages and sculptures by German artist Andreas Hofer. Goetz Collection Nov. 23-April 1 ☎ 49- 8995-9396-90 www.sammlung-goetz.de

Paris

art "Fauvists and Expressionists from Van Dongen to Otto Dix" presents a selection of 50 expressionist and fauvist works.

Musée Marmottan—Monet Until Feb. 20

☎ 33-1-4496-5033 www.marmottan.com

art

"Battista Franco, Venetian Artist at the Courts of Italy" shows work by the 16thcentury Venetian painter Giovanni Battista Franco (ca. 1510-61). Musée du Louvre Nov. 26-Feb. 22 2 33-1-4020-5050 www.louvre.fr

Rome art

"Alexander Calder" displays moving and stationary sculptural pieces, wire mobiles, bronzes, gouaches, drawings and oil paintings by the American artist (1898-1976).

Palazzo della Esposizioni Until Feb. 14 & 39-6-3996-7500 www.palazzoesposizioni.it

royalty

"The Grace Kelly Years" shows photography, clothes, jewelry and fashion accessories documenting the life of Grace Kelly (1929-82). Palazzo Ruspoli Until Feb. 28 \$\mathbf{\arrow}\$ 39-6-6874704 www.fondazionememmo.com

Rotterdam

photography "United States 1970-1975 Jacob Holdt" presents over 80 photographs by the Danish photographer, documenting the U.S. in the 1970s. Kunsthal Until Jan. 10 \$\mathbf{\arrow}\$ 31-10-4400-301

☎ 31-10-4400-301 www.kunsthal.nl

Strasbourg art

"Saul Steinberg: Visual Writing" exhibits 150 original works and documents by Rumanian-born American cartoonist and illustrator Saul Steinberg (1914-99).

Musee Tomi Ungerer Nov. 27-Feb. 28 **a** 33-3885-2500-0 www.musees-strasbourg.org

Stuttgart

art "Dieter Roth—Souvenirs" presents work given by the Swiss-German multimedia artist Dieter Roth (1930-98), to friends whom he admired.

Staatsgalerie Until Jan. 17 & 49-711-4704-00

www.staatsgalerie.de

Zurich art

"Silhouettes—Pure Contours" explores a revival of silhouette cutting in international contemporary art. Museum Bellerive Nov. 27-April 4 \$\mathbf{\argue}\$ 41-43-4464-469 www.museum-bellerive.ch

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.